UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1137.

Original Poetry.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY REV. C. V. EVERETT

Lone Night, descending with her sable shroud,
Had darkly stamped the image of her power
All, all in gloom was mantled; and the dragon
That bore the night-steed, with its wind lead,
Held silent on her way - as kindly ray
To aid its guidance—not one glimmering star—
But all was deep, unbroken gloom
Still as its doubtful course, that gallant ship
Moved on, obedient, through all its mid-path profound!

Hark to the warning! Mark the quivering gleam!
Down—down—the Tempest plunges on the sea.
And the quel waves rise up to battle it—
And now like angry monsters they contend!
Loud peals the thunder—quick the lightnings flash—
The heavens seem rending with the fiery war—
And Gibraltar heaves from his rocky base!

But oh! by the red lightning's fitful glare,
What horror is plunging, and the billowy strife,
And dashing mutly on to fearful doom!
The Mid-ocean Tempest! Hark to the warning!
And rages threatening to the frowning sky,
And roar, there, in the deep, in the yawning depths,
While sundling seas break o'er it in their wrath!
But where is the pilot? Where the helmsman?
The burning anguish—the heart-rending cry!
Upon the deck, amid the billows tost,
And breaking surges, he! he sheepeth there.
Calm as as infant on its nurse's breast!
But now, a voice, high rising o'er the deep,
Lifts on this crest, and, like a vengeful friend,
Comes on in thunder! Ha! the voice of power!
Fly in their frenzy in their sleeping Lord.
And in despair's low tone exclaim for aid
"We perish, Master! save, oh, save us, Lord!"
He rose, and, with a calm, benignant mien,
Rebuked the ocean—then, with hand on high,
As of the Tempest were he willing slave,
Commanded peace!

The thunders hushed!
The trembling lightnings fled away in mist!
The foam-capt surges sank in quiet rest!
The raging waves grew still! "There was a calm!"

Original Tales.

FORTUNE'S FROLICS, OR, THE LOST AND FOUND. A Domestic Story.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY "THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR,' 'THE MANUSCRIPT,' 'LOVE'S WORK,' 'TWICE WEDDED,' 'THE REBELLION OF A SORROW DAY,' &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOYAGE AT SEA.

In the month of January, 1803, two travellers met at Harrisburg from different points, and took the stage to the Northern route for Pittsburg.

The one was a young man of pleasing countenance and prepossessing address and appearance. The other was a woman, dressed in silk—plain in the dress and manners, and of a social disposition.

The elder gentleman looked himself by the name of Dalrymple, and recorded Cincinnati as the place of his destination. The other was not who that Henry Fairfield, just returned from Brazil, where he had acquired wealth and now on his way to Pittsburg, to meet, as he supposed, his sister Lily, from whom he had received no tidings during the period of his absence from the United States.

It was a bitter cold morning when the coach set out, but soon the sun arose in brilliant effulgence and threw a cheering aspect over the face of winter. The ground was covered with a deep snow, which had fallen some days before, and the air was of a freezing night, which congealed as it fell, had rendered the roads slippery and dangerous to travel. All nature seemed enveloped in the mantle of winter, and the branches of trees and bushes, like pendants of chandeliers, while the glidden of water which had frozen on the sides of the mountain streams looked in the sunbeams like so many brilliant diamonds.

The season was bracing in the extreme. The Winter King, in his frolicsome humor, had set his invincible artisans at work, and their wondrous skill had fashioned in a fairy mall and filled it with images of beauty and glory. It seemed that the travellers passed through the domains of some princely proprietor whose riches were so astounded that he would afford to embellish every object around with brilliants and emeralds and costly gems—for this was the effect produced by the frost, the snow and ice, as reflected beneath the radiant sun.

It was a scene to warm and animate the heart of the lover of nature. The old gentleman had the eye of the artist, and the feelings of the painter and poet. He constantly gave vent to some exclamation of rapture, as every turn in the road changed the aspect of the scene, and presented new images of admiration.

Henry Fairfield had too warm a heart not to be conjoyed with the same enthusiasm of the elder to the veller. There was a gentility of soul with them. Kindred sympathies they became united in the bonds of kindred feelings.

From admiring the wonders of nature, the gentleman naturally fell into familiar conversation—discussed of politics, business, money affairs, and subjects of general interest and utility; and finally the story, the anecdote, and the joy d'esprit constituted to beguile the tedium of the journey.

The day wore on and night approached. The travellers had become accustomed of high life, and on the verge of the Juniata river, which had to be crossed much swollen from the melting snow, and threatened to overflow its banks. The flood was behind two time with the mails, and anxious to reach the land of promise—the western country—put up with the night. In vain he urged the speed of the horses—the freezing of the ice on the road, after the sun had set, rendered the road change for the aspect of the worse, and run away. I came back to New Orleans, and there I met the lady whom I had married with slow and cautious driving. The night set in very dark, and the travellers trusting to the skill of the coachman, arranged up in the inside of the coach, pulled down their fur caps, and endeavored to resign themselves to slumber, as best they might under the circumstances.

The roar of the flood of the river meditated to be heard on the western shore was a fearful dashing and plunging of the horses in the water. It had swept over the banks and covered the road many feet deep—so the next hour of the journey was spent in the midst of the torrent forward, until the water rose up to their flanks and stained the body of the coach. The floating current was now caused the beasts to plunge on suddenness. The noise and confusion aroused the passengers from their dozings, and starting up, they looked around in terror and anger. Fairfield shook open the coach door, and by the light of the lamp succeeded in springing to the hill-side in safety. The gentleman attempted to follow, but unfortunately lost his foot slipping from under him, he was precipitated into the water, and the last of the new friend of Mr. Fairfield was seen by both Fairfield and the coachman had plunged into the flood to the rescue of the gentleman, and the current drove the stroke down the extended horses; and with much difficulty they succeeded in bringing him to a place of safety on the opposite ground. The old man was wet and cold and cold, and apparently lifeless. The driver drew from his pocket a flask of spirits, and giving it to Fairfield, the latter succeeded rubbing the temples, forehead, face and hands, and soon began to perceive signs of returning animation. The coachman meanwhile endeavored to ascertain who and what the stranger was, but study of the elder traveller before him on the bank he rode off, followed by Fairfield leading the horse of the gentleman under shelter in the rear. The inmates were aroused, a huge fire kindled, and every means used for the comfort of the travellers on the night.

The next morning, the elderly traveller, though considerably bruised was much better, and able to proceed on the journey. A conveyance was procured, and the flood having subsided, the passengers ere the hour of breakfast, found themselves comfortably seated in the coach and on their way to the town. Here they were obliged to remain during the day, in consequence of the mail coaches having failed to connect on the preceding night.

The injured traveller concluded to rest a day or two at this place, and Fairfield having made his acquaintance, proposed to call on him, and in due time reached Pittsburg, without further incident of interest.

He now learned that the old man had left Brazil for the United States, but he could obtain little intelligence of their subsequent history. He resolved to return to the east, and pursue the route of the southern shore. From the passage from city to city, was rapidly accomplished. He sought every means of information respecting his sister, but was not journeyed in the hindest truth and sincerity. He soon heard of the brilliant career of Everett and his elder misery; but the place of residence, or the name of the sister and husband, or either, lived, none could inform him. He advertised for them in the newspapers in vain. He was grieved and disappointed in their non-arrival. Still he kindly sympathies, but there were none to share its sanctuous endorsements. He was alone in the world—even a stranger in his own land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INVALID'S STORY.

While Fairfield sojourned in New York, and was in the habit of visiting an infant near the city of which appeared to embrace the fate of his sister and her husband, he learned of the illness of the gentleman he had rescued from the flood, and was induced one evening to attend a meeting of the Washingtonians at their hall.

The subject of speakers among the Washingtonians addressed the audience; and their powerful appeals reached the inmost soul of many of those who had been the victims of the destroyer. Fairfield, a miserable looking man, was seen to rise in his way towards the rostrum. He mounted the platform and proceeded to give his experience. He was still a young man, but intemperance had left her traces of the original person. His countenance appeared familiar to Fairfield, but who he was, and where he had seen him, he could not bring to his recollection.

When he had spoken a few words against the fatal poison, and warned those around him to shun the poisonous bowl, he proceeded to give an outline of his own history in substance as follows:—

"I was the only son of respectable and wealthy parents. I was considered a boy of rare genius, and received an education corresponding to my station and prospects in life. At college I carried away all the honors of my class, and graduated, and entered on the gay world with unfettered spirits, and with wealth and friends to advance my welfare and establish me. I was deemed handsome and accomplished, and produced a sensation wherever I appeared. I married a lady of exceeding beauty, and possessed of great wit. I worshipped her, and she returned my affection. After the dinner was over and coffee had been served, I proposed to show Fairfield his library and the gardens. They passed into the open air. The walks and arbors were planned with exquisite taste. The shrubbery and fruit trees were of the choicest kinds; and there was no end to the variety of floral glories.

From the garden they returned to the parlor. It was furnished costly and richly. They passed through a suite of rooms and entered the library. It was the pride of the most valuable productions of art and genius. The books were examined, and then were inspected the statues, and the paintings which literally covered the walls of the rooms. These were also fine specimens of the artist's skill.

Among others, Fairfield observed a portrait of a female, remarkable for the whiteness of its countenance and the brightness appearance. He felt that he knew the features. Memory was excited. It appeared as very familiar to his memory, yet he did not perceive how it were possible he could have known the original. He stood for some moments with his head resting upon his hand, in a reverie—a state of abstraction, and his eye scanned, in his chagrin, the features of the picture. Something in the countenance spoke to him. A thrill indescribable reached his soul. Could it be? Impulsively he thrust his hand in his bosom and drew from thence a miniature likeness of his departed mother. He scanned both pictures minutely. They corresponded in every particular. The same radiant eyes, the same lips, the same color of hair, the same fond remembrance. They were surely two pictures of the same original! They were identical!

These thoughts and emotions passed over Fairfield on the instant—but his strange conduct had been noticed by Dalrymple, and he could not conceal his embarrassment from his friend, as he attempted to thrust the miniature hastily into his bosom. He, however, quickly recalled from his discomposure. He turned to Mr. Dalrymple—

"Pardon me, sir. May I ask the name of the original of that picture?" Something like me—

"Tells you—what? Nonsense!" said Dalrymple, laughing. "What can you know about the picture? But you shall know all. There is a spice of romance about it. This way Fairfield"—he continued. "Sit down by the window while I narrate its singular history."

CHAPTER XIII.

STORY OF THE PICTURE.

"It is a curious story," began Dalrymple, in a jocular tone, "and I must tell all about it. Well—you must know that the original of the picture, was once my sweetheart. I loved her, and I believe she loved me—at least she told me so, and I couldn't help believe it. But I was the son of a poor country merchant, and Sarah was the only child of a rich one!—so much as my father could do, gave me myself and brother a tolerable education,—and to implant in my hearts religious and virtuous principles. William Tudor, Esq., a merchant, took a liking to me, and proposed to take me into his counting house. I entered myself pretty smart—and to my looking glass told me that I was a handsome fellow. I made up my mind that I would be able to make the hearts of the girls flutter with my glib tongue and personal attractions.

I became acquainted well. Mary—no matter about her name. She was a glorious creature—young, artless, and full of romance. She was beautiful—angelic,—and I was absolved among her admirers. I soon began to grow very uneasy in her society, and I actually myself confessed in love with her. She had said a miserable fellow I would be without her. She blushed first, and then laughed heartily at the idea. I asked her to be mine. She repeated herself—and I feared she would be mine. She said, however, "You must ask my father first."

I was a little staggered at the reply of the Major. The old curmudgeon grew wrathy, and said his daughter should not marry on upstart, and a beggar. He was proud and rich, and was serious withal, although generous enough if he happened to be in the mood. His language cut me keenly to the quick—and I vanished out of his presence, and never entered his house again.

I could not summon courage to see Mary, but I wrote her a letter and explained all that had occurred. I also informed her that I was going abroad to seek my fortune, as the pirate was—and I would return and carry her off, if her father remained opposed to our unions.

I was enthusiastic, and did not dream of the difficulties and trials I would have to undergo before I could acquire wealth. I had saved up a few hundred dollars, and I left my native town for a distant city. I commenced business in a small way, and prospered. I enlarged my operations and became a wholesale speculator. My success continued, and soon I began to grow comfortable and wealthy. All the while, I corresponded with Mary—and the day was soon appointed when I should return and claim her as my bride.

Meanwhile, I received a letter from England, which advised me that an uncle, my father's brother, had deceased, and left me a rich inheritance, as the only heir—he being a bachelor—and that my own father having died about a year before the present send. It was necessary that I should go abroad to look after my uncle's wealth. I informed Mary of the fact, and sailed for—interior England.

"I was absent many months, and returned full of fortune, and anticipation of bliss. I met with disappointment. My letters to Mary had been suppressed, and a report was started that I had perished at sea. The poor girl was induced by a merry, dashing young fellow, her father's choice, I did not blame her for that. She was, however, never happy with her husband. He was a spendthrift, and thus led to prodigate dissipation. He soon ran through with his own, and the means of Mary's father, and finally left him destitute as himself. He finally quarrelled with his best friend, and was killed in a duel. His wife and several children, were left in poverty and misery—and for a time, I lost all trace of their existence. Her father's property was sold for her husband's debts—and the old gentleman died broken hearted. All these things I purchased the portrait of Mary, which has so much interested your feelings. I prize it for the sake of her whom I only loved. I have remained a bachelor."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DISCOVERY.

During the recital of the story, Fairfield was restless and benumbed in spirit. He labored assiduously to keep down the emotions which struggled for utterance, and which finally burst forth in the form of a strange sensation rushed through his bosom, and chilled to his heart. He could contain himself no longer.

"And the lady's name was"—

"Mary Parker," broke in Dalrymple.

"Her husband."

"Robert Fairfield."

"Her children, it is! My mother—my mother!" murmured Fairfield. Immediately checking his emotion, he inquired—

"Pray, what became of this widow?"

"Alas! she died a wretched death," rejoined the old man, as he dashed a tear with his finger from his eye.

"How—how knew you that?" interrupted Fairfield, impatiently.

"I was present at the dying scene, and closed her eyes."

"The children—how fared they?"

"I had them provided for until they were able to take care of themselves."

"The funds placed in the bank for their benefit?"

"I, Mr. Fairfield, was myself the bank."

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am your debtor. I am Henry Fairfield, the son of Mary Parker, and the nephew of Mordaunt."

The mystery was unravelled. Fairfield sprang to his feet—threw himself about the neck of Dalrymple, and exclaimed with warmth of feeling—

"My dear kind friend—my more than benefactor"—he could say no more. The feast of gratitude overflowed, and drowned the words he would have uttered.

The old man's heart also, could not contain its fullness. He pressed Fairfield to his bosom, and sobbed like a child. It was a kindly congenial, which none but the purely benevolent of heart can fully appreciate. They hung in silence for some moments—and then Dalrymple—and then remembering, they entered the sitting room, which overlooked the street.

CHAPTER XV.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES.

The gentlemen had scarcely seated themselves at the window, when a carriage rolled up in front of the house. A servant let down the steps, and a beautiful woman tripped up the door steps and the gaily into the room.

"My dear uncle," she exclaimed, as she bounded towards Mr. Dalrymple, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Why, now—your return is a little unexpected—and by giving her a kiss, with a hearty smack. Turning to Fairfield he added—Fairfield, my niece Susan, my young friend Fairfield."

The young woman shrank back a little, but in an instant rushed forward.

"Mr. Fairfield!"

"Susan Dalrymple, indeed! Really this is unexpected," rejoined Fairfield, surprised and confused.

The citizens which mounted to her cheeks, no plainly told that Susan was equally surprised and jeyed in the meeting.

"Ah, ha! How is this? You've known each other before, hey?" said the old uncle, opening his eyes in astonishment.

"Uncle, sir, I have enjoyed that happiness. It was—"

"I'll tell you all all about it, uncle," interrupted Susan, "some other time." She tripped out of the room, to arrange her dress in another apartment.

The astonished uncle looked to Fairfield for explanation, but the latter was lost in a reverie.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE DENOUEMENT.

Little more need be said to complete this narrative. Fairfield was received to find the hearts and affections of Susan were not particularly engaged. Like himself, she had long realized the mysterious connection between kindred souls, and had not forgotten the latent principle which joined them in early childhood. Fairfield had never ceased to be interested the sentiment. The vows of constancy and mutual love were exchanged.

Susan was a beautiful girl, and had acquired a beautiful figure and form. She was a beautiful girl, and had acquired a beautiful figure and form. She was a beautiful girl, and had acquired a beautiful figure and form. She

United States SATURDAY POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1842.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

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Other papers will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

The paper is discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless ordered to the contrary, and the option of the Publisher if arrangements are not made.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and post office.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in addition, will be entitled to another copy.

Remittals must always state the Post-office—county—no, or wait to which the paper is to be addressed.

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☞ The following agents will still act' for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

MR. C. W. ALEXANDER, of Harrisburg, Pa., Cincinnati, Ohio, or our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, authorized to receive Money.—*See A. H. Winchell, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

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ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine. United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

Parochial Sermons. *By John Henry Newman, B. D., Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—The first American Edition of Dr. Newman's Parochial Sermons is in two large octavo volumes, embracing the contents of the six volumes of the London edition. It is printed on clear and legible type, and beautiful paper, and in form and general appearance corresponds with Burnet's Reformation. The author is the best authorities, unrivalled in three forms, represented the exercises of the day as we feel the want of such. Upon its theological character we shall first quote the opinions of some recognized judges. Bishop Whittingham of Maryland, says, "The portions of their contents about which there is a difference of opinion, are not to be set in the scale against the general excellence of the whole work. Deeply spiritual, and searching the reader's heart with no ordinary insight into its recesses, they cannot fail to quicken the faith, silence the cavils of unsanctified, and powerfully stimulate the answer to repentance, and the believer to renewal and growth in holiness. No where have Christ crucified, yea, rather risen again, set forth with more clearness, and we cannot but have been more strongly moved to loathing of sin, and utter renunciation of self-dependance. Man's helplessness, and his need of a Saviour, were nowhere to be found set forth with greater earnestness of enforcement and variety of illustration."

The Bishop of New York, of New Jersey, and of North Carolina also recommend these Sermons in the highest terms, and from the latter, as pertinent to our purpose, we extract a sentence. "While they are free from those extravagances of opinion usually ascribed to the author of the 90th Tract, they assert in the strongest manner the true doctrine of the Reformation in England, and enforce with peculiar solemnity and effect that holiness of life, which is the distinctive characteristic of the Fathers of that trying age." We need tell no person who is conversant with the writings of Newman, to what school the writer of these sermons belongs. To whatever school, however, the reader of the sermons may belong, we think he will find, if a taste for eloquent, simple and earnest English, he can read the sermons without endorsing the opinion of Bishop Whittingham. It is for the reader, in their public capacity as editors of a secular paper, to most points of theological controversy, nor have we the ability or inclination so to do. But we feel bound a homily to be commended to answer for a life of error committed in that State. The Governor says he must first be tried in Maryland, and if not convicted there, will be handed over to Ohio.

Financial Affairs of Connecticut.—The total receipts into the Treasury during the year ending the 31st of March last (including the sum of $10,845.45 received from the Treasury of the United States, amounted to $101,045.49. The expenditures during the same period have been $77,941.19—leaving a balance in the Treasury of $23,103.31.

The Late Trade.—The number of arrivals and departures from Cleveland during the year 1841, were 2465, of which 1650 were steamboats. The amount of tonnage was 18,617, and value of the cargoes $1,851,893, of which $1,016,978 went to Canada. The losses on the lakes for the same period were $21,000, and 30 lives.

A Small Estate.—The property left by Baron Stieglitz, the banker, who lately died at St. Petersburg, is estimated at the enormous sum of fifty millions of roubles, or between five and six millions sterling. He was a native of Hanover, where his elder brother, one of the most celebrated physicians in Germany, died a few years ago.

Steamboat Accidents.—The Cincinnati Sun states that not less than a quarter of a million of dollars worth of property has been lost on our Western waters within two months. Fourteen boats were lost, mostly by being snagged, the cost of which was $450,000—the cargoes worth $85,000—making a total loss of $250,000.

Fire from a Locomotive.—A destructive fire broke out on the night morning last, at Mount Holly, on Nicholas Patton's, Jr., which destroyed wood to the value of $40,000 to $50,000, burning about a square full seven miles square. There were from 15000 to 20000 cords of wood, ready for market, burned.

Millionaire.—The Boston Bulletin, says the Miller tannin in that city is completely at an end. The Miller Tabernacle was open day and evening last week, and there was a crowd around the doors. Inside were about a dozen persons gazing at the church characters against the walls.

Hail Storm.—We are informed, that on Sunday last, a hail fell in Quaker Neck on the village of Hatboro, in Montgomery county, in this State, in such quantities, as to cover the ground for a time. The hail fell very well as a security, but such visits at this time are very unwelcome.

Disasters in Ohio, according to the Cincinnati Gazette, may be had for asking. It states that the Legislature last winter divorced a man from his wife, knowing that the sole reason was his desire to marry another woman, which he did immediately.

Hanging Scientifically!—A man named Benjamin D. White was recently hanged at Batavia, N. Y. The Times, of that place, says that the execution "was done upon the sheriff performed the duty in a *manner that met the approbation of all present.*"

Cairo Surrendered.—The St. Louis New Era of the 6th says—"The place, Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, is entirely submerged; nothing was seen of it on last Saturday."

The family of a Mr. Stone, in the Western part of New York, was poisoned a few days since, by eating mushrooms. Two children died, and the other. His wife died, but the children recovered.

Military Encampment.—The encampment to be held at Frederick Md., on the 6th of June next, is named "Camp Frederick." Col. James M. Coale has been appointed commander-in-chief.

☞ We learn that the Superintendent of the Dry Steam Dock of the Pennsylvania Canal, commenced letting in the water on Saturday. Navigation commenced on Tuesday.

Westward Ho!—Ten steamers recently arrived at St. Louis, one from Cincinnati and the other from Pittsburg, having on board more than 800 passengers, on their way to Iowa.

☞ The price of a passage from New York to New Orleans, around the coast, is $16. Through Pittsburg, the price is $50.

☞ Subscription books to the Stock of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Rail Road, are to be opened at Pittsburg, and other places, on the first Monday in June next.

☞ The Louisville Journal states that John Hutt, the treasurer of Arkansas, has proved a defaulter to the amount of about $15,00.

☞ Ashley M'Calla, Esq., has been chosen cashier of the State Bank at Camden, N. J., vice R. W. Gilden, deceased.

☞ The first exports of specie into New Orleans, from the 1st of September to the 1st of May, amount to $8,975,876.

☞ The Delaware Peach Orchards are said to be in fine condition, and give promise of an abundant crop.

Political Intelligence.

Mission to Chile.—The Boston Atlas says—"We understand that Mr. Hall, who has held many honorable authority, that the Hon. Edward Everett, the Minister of the United States at the Court of the London, does not accept the appointment of Minister to China, which was fully conferred upon him, by a commission of the President of the United States, confirmed by the Senate."

Connecticut.—The Legislature of Connecticut assembled at Hartford on Wednesday week. On Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and elected Chauncey F. Cleveland, to the office of Governor; Wm. S. Hinsdell, Lt. Governor; Julius A. Wolcott, Jr., Treasurer; Noah A. Phelps, Secretary; and Gideon Welles, Comptroller. All Democrats.

Presidential Movements.—The Tammany Hall Democracy have already laid down their predictions in Martin Van Buren as the next President. They also have recognized Free Trade as constituting one of the principles of the Democratic party, and believe that a tariff for protection conflicts with the interests and rights of the people.

The Appropriation Bill.—This bill, providing for the annual expenditures of the General government, has not yet, the Harrisburg Reporter says, been signed by the President. In the meantime, none of the laborers on the public works can be paid, or at least are not.

New Hampshire.—A Democratic State Convention is to be held at Concord, on Tuesday the 6th day of June next, to nominate a Democratic candidate for Governor, and to transact such other business as may come before the Convention.

Resigned his Post.—Charles L. Schlatter, Chief Engineer on the Public Works of Pennsylvania, has resigned that office. He intends leaving Harrisburg for Chicago, having received an appointment from the War Department at that military station.

☞ It is reported that Mr. Hercick, the only United States Senator from Maryland, is about to resign.

Notices of the Dead.

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Army & Navy.

☞ Commodore Alexander Dallas, appointed to the command of the East India squadron, has applied for Chagres in the U. S. sloop of war Vandalia, Commander M'Clusney, which vessel will sail in a few days. The following officers will sail in the same passengers in the Vandalia.—Mr. Geo. Brown, U. S. Commissioner to China, Mr. Edmund Roberts, Secretary; Isic U. S. Consul at Guayaquil; Passed Midshipman Alex. Murray, attached to the Pacific squadron; Mr. Thomas Miles Commodore Dallas' Secretary, and Mr. Moses Wills, clerk.

☞ Several companies of the Third Regiment U. S. Infantry—numbering in all six hundred and thirty-seven men, arrived at Buffalo from Detroit, on the 21st ult. from Florida via New Orleans.

☞ The frigate United States, arrived at Oahu, Sandwich Islands, on the 5th of December, and sailed on the 7th. Only nine were on the sick list, out of a ship's company of 500.

☞ Gen. Gaines' Head Quarters, will, hereafter, be at St. Louis, Missouri. Previously to his passage, Lord Aberdeen made a long reply in defence of the treaty, from which we make will another extract in relation to the Right of Search, or Visitation. He said

It was asserted that a retrograde movement was made by the British ministry with regard to the right of search. He thought, on the contrary, that America had made an advance in favor of the principle of free trade in that article. It was said that the President of the United States was a different man from the person that he was supposed to be, and the good humor, and the moderation with which he conducted the discussion, and elected Chauncey F. Cleveland, to the office of Governor; Wm. S. Hinsdell, Lt. Governor; Julius A. Wolcott, Jr., Treasurer; Noah A. Phelps, Secretary; and Gideon Welles, Comptroller. All Democrats.

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☞ Subscription books to the Stock of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Rail Road, are to be opened at Pittsburg, and other places, on the first Monday in June next.

☞ The Louisville Journal states that John Hutt, the treasurer of Arkansas, has proved a defaulter to the amount of about $15,00.

☞ Ashley M'Calla, Esq., has been chosen cashier of the State Bank at Camden, N. J., vice R. W. Gilden, deceased.

☞ The first exports of specie into New Orleans, from the 1st of September to the 1st of May, amount to $8,975,876.

☞ The Delaware Peach Orchards are said to be in fine condition, and give promise of an abundant crop.

Political Intelligence.

Mission to Chile.—The Boston Atlas says—"We understand that Mr. Hall, who has held many honorable authority, that the Hon. Edward Everett, the Minister of the United States at the Court of the London, does not accept the appointment of Minister to China, which was fully conferred upon him, by a commission of the President of the United States, confirmed by the Senate."

Connecticut.—The Legislature of Connecticut assembled at Hartford on Wednesday week. On Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and elected Chauncey F. Cleveland, to the office of Governor; Wm. S. Hinsdell, Lt. Governor; Julius A. Wolcott, Jr., Treasurer; Noah A. Phelps, Secretary; and Gideon Welles, Comptroller. All Democrats.

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Religious Intelligence.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 14.

Presbyterian—New School.—First Church, Washington Square; Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth streets. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood near below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

Presbyterian—Old School.—Seventh Church, Penn Square, Fourth Church, Twelfth and Lombard.

Protestant Episcopal.—Grace Church, 13th street below Spruce. Saint Paul's, 10th above Spruce street; St. Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street below Twelfth. Saint John's Church, corner of Locust and Juniper. Advent Church, on Tenth, near Penn Square Hall; Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Palmer. Kensington Trinity Church, Columbia street above Queen. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Cathcart. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's, North Penn District. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

Roman Catholic.—Saint Augustine's Church, Fourth street, opposite New Market.

German Reformed.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

Dutch Reformed.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

Lutheran.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

Methodist Episcopal.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Methodist Protestant.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Baptist.—All open but the First Church.

Unitarian.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

Universalist.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Disciples of Christ.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

Christian.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

Swedenborgian.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

Hebrew.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

Mariners.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Wiggin and Swanson streets.

African.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Princess. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Union street below Old York Road. Zion Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

☞ The New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church adjourned on Tuesday week, after a very pleasant session of one week. The next meeting of that body is to be at Trenton on the 17th of May. The increase of church members, within the bounds of the Conference, during the last year, was 4444.

New Roman Catholic Church.—The ceremony of blessing the corner stone of the new Catholic Church, St. Paul's, about to be erected in Mount Holly township, took place on the afternoon of Sunday last. Bishop Kenrick officiated, assisted by several of the clergy. The Bishop delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, and recommended that the sum descended for a time in torrents, the audience was large, and a collection was taken up, which amounted to $1,000.

Churches.—There are twenty churches in the city of Washington. Of these, the Presbyterians have five; the Catholics five; Episcopalians four; Methodist Protestants 1; Baptists 2; German Lutherans 1; Unitarians 1; Friends 1. The "Capitol," a paper published in that city, says—"Another work is going on in the different churches here, and a daily hour of hundreds of converts to the various sects."

☞ A call has been given by "The Dutch Church, on Washington Square," New York, to the Rev. Nicholas S. Hoffman, D. D., and been accepted by him; and he was installed as the pastor of that church, on Sunday last.

☞ A correspondent of London paper states that a friend of the Church Missionary Society has just made a munificent donation to that institution of one thousand Pounds, to enable it to commence a mission to China.

☞ The proprietors of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, have rented it to Mr. Barry, for the month of Christmas, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Colton, for the sum of $50,000.

☞ The congregation of St. Paul's Church, in Penn Square, have contributed during the last year, the liberal sum of $7,233,61 for missionary and charitable purposes.

☞ The corner stone of a new Protestant Episcopal Church was laid at Elliott's Mills, near Baltimore on Tuesday of last week.

☞ The new Methodist Episcopal Church on Seventh street, near Avenue C., New York, was dedicated on Thursday week.

☞ Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, confirmed 95 persons at St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday evening last.

☞ Friday last was observed as Thanksgiving Day throughout the State of Georgia.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

TEN DAYS LATER.

Since our last, by the arrival of the new steam ship Hibernia, at Boston, we have been put in possession of the English dates. Liverpool to the evening of the 19th and London to the 16th. The Hibernia brought out specie to the amount of half a million of dollars in gold, and a full freight. She had 107 passengers on board, landed 24, and took in 16, making 97 for Boston.

Right of Visit.

Both Houses of Parliament met 12th of April, for the Easter holydays, the House of Commons to the 26th, and the House of Lords to the 25th. An interesting debate took place in the latter House, on conversation in both Houses as to the *Right of Search.* The correspondence relative to the subject will be laid before the House.

The Earl of Aberdeen said he had no objection to produce the papers; but as to the difference between the two governments, he was very apparent that he would not lead to any serious difficulty.

Lord Brougham would pledge himself to prove that there was no difference worth a rush.

Lord Aberdeen said that the popular position in which he was placed should be his excuse to the House for now entering into a full discussion of the facts of the subject, because, from the nature of the subject which was to come on next Friday, he should be precluded from addressing their lordships. As regarded the right of search on the coast of Africa, he was persuaded when their lordships came to examine the papers which he held in his hand, and which would be produced on the House, they would find that in point of fact no difference existed between her Majesty's Government and the United States, (hear, hear.) From the time of his arriving at the head of the department he had been labored nothing but satisfaction, and he felt he was not saying too much, when he said that when he should have no difference of opinion upon the subject alluded to by the noble Marquis, between himself and the angry question [before he set out], and that there might be some difficulty in settling it. But this appearance of one hundred and four years.

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Local Intelligence.

Collections by City Taxes.—The following persons were appointed collectors of city taxes by the City Council on Tuesday evening:

Upper Delaware Ward, Joshua Hessey; Lower, R. P. Jones; High, Wm. F. Slaughter; Chesnut, John H. Curtis; Walnut, Wm. S. Pechin; Dock, B. B. Moore; Pine and New Market, Thos. H. Allen; Cedar, Wm. Alexander; Locust, Robert Bennett; George, George Fisher; Middle, I. Hobertey; North, S. Humphreys; South Mulberry, William Lockwood; North do., John Yard, Jr.

The Fortunate.—An extraordinary instance of human depravity was exhibited in the Court of Quarter Sessions, on Thursday week. Sitting side by side in the dock, and in the same case, both charged with lower offences, and both awaiting their trial. They were associated in the course of Wednesday, the former, George Fisher, and the latter, Robert Bennett, with all, however robust and vigorous, it is to a disease like this a matter of delicacy to speak of indications of pulmonary disease at the outset. A short delay may be fatal. "Delay is fatal," said a friend of ours about three weeks ago in reply to an enquiry about his health; "I believe I have caught a bad sleep that knows no waking. A VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION. Had he used Dr. Jayne's Expectorant in the early stage of his complaint, he would now, in all probability, be living and well.

Prepared only by Doctor D. Jayne, No. 10 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for
974 shares United Bank,	3½
351 do. Wilmington R. R.	10¼
175 do. Reading R. R.	39
30 do. Farmers' Bank,	93
30 do. Mechanics' Bank,	93
30 do. Girard Trust,	18½
30 do. Schuylkill Nav. Co.	7
30 do. Man. & Mec. Bank,	19½
30 do. Northern Liberties,	13
25 do. Fire & Mechanics Bank,	70.25
25 do. Commercial Bank,	87
25 do. Commercial Bank,	87
12 do. Wissahickon Bank,	82
$5000 State 5's, 1855 and 1864,	77
$1000 Penn. 5's, 1854,	77
$1000 Schuylkill Nav. 6's 1853 and 1858,	47
$1000 Commw. 5's, 1860,	87½
$1000 U. States 6's, 1862,	98
$200 County 5's, 1860,	90
$1000 Penn. R. R. 6's, 1850, convertible,	80
$400 City 6's, 1865,	100

The Counterfeits.

Bank of Commerce, Cincinnati.—We learned from 10th's May be deceived by the position of the coat of arms of the State on the true 50's on the left corner. The counterfeit has the coat of arms in the centre.

Bank of Kentucky, Louisville.—The vignette of the Liberty Boy is much lighter than the genuine, note shorter and engraving not so distinct. On the left end of the note there is a representation of Archimedes causing the world to move, and on the right end a female figure with a shield around her waist, while in the genuine it is engraved by the whole.

Bank of Virginia, Richmond.—All counterfeits of the 1st Dec. cashier, and N. Ealing, pres't; are worthless.

Bank of Cumberland, Carlisle, Pa.—N. Y. Ex. Co. Agency, A. Camp, N. Y. Williams, cashier. Paper thin, and engraving poor.

Bank of Oregon, Oregon, N. E. All signed S. D. Day, cashier, and J. Smith, president.

Bank of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.—Counterfeited Bank Rochester, Monr. Ex. dated in 1838. Cash. Cash. C. A. Newton, cashier. Paper thin and poor.

Montgomery Co. Bank, Johnstown, N. Y. 10's, letter A. Dep. A. Cash. Jan. 1, 1842. Signed Wm. Kelly, cash., James W. Miller, pres't. Paper light and thin.

New England Bank, Boston. Many 1's, stereotype plate, with the name of the bank in the centre. Signed E. P. Clark, cash., Ph. Marett, pres't.—*Bank Reporter.*

Philadelphia Market.

Grain.—Receipts of wheat by canal since Monday 1,500 bushels. Sales of five or six boat loads at $5.20 cents; no quotations for Red; but for fair to prime parcels, 5.30 a 5.40 cents; or 86@ cts. Rye has been so fair demand, at 56@57 cts. Corn has been freely on sweet at 51 cts for round and 52 for flat yellow; southern at 50 cts for white and 51@52 for yellow. Oats are in fair supply, and sell at 32@33 cts.

Flour and Meal.—The market has been exceedingly dull and inactive. Limited sales of common brands at $5.25, and extra at $5.37½ a $5.50. Fancy brands are nominal at $6.25 for good. Sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $5.25 cash. Rye flour is $3.75 per bbl. Corn meal—sale of 25 bbls Penn. at $3.25.

Whiskey.—Sales of 75 bbls Penn. Reds at $4@5 cts.

Provisions.—Market without change. Hams sell at 7@8 cts. Shoulders at 4½ cts. Mess pork at $9.50 cash.

Seeds.—Timothy 2.50 cash. Flaxseed 1.50 cash.

Wool.—Holders are firm. Sales of 125 bbls Penn Fleece, on private terms. Sales of 30,000 lbs Missouri wool at 24 cts. on time.

Cotton.—Limited sales. Sales of 50,000 bags Ala. N. Orl. and mobile at 7@7½ cts. on time

Gems from the Poets.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on:
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the gale!
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!
Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily, aloft in the shrouds!
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away.
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.
Look to the waters,—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep—as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty! could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting, within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,—
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,—
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears:
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY MAGAZINE.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Among the papers of an aged relative, which fell into my hands after her decease, I found two letters, so full of earnest and affectionate expostulation, that I became specially interested, to learn their history. They had apparently been written nearly forty years, and the faded ink—the time-stained paper—no less than the quaint and old-fashioned phraseology in which they were expressed bore witness of their authenticity. My curiosity was strongly excited and knowing that every family has its chronicler, in the person of some old lady or gentleman, who has outlived all interest in the present, and finds pleasure only, in recollections of the past—I had recourse to such a friend for information. The story was one of little incident, yet, as conveying a moral lesson of no small import, it may be worth preserving.

Eleanor Hubert, was one of a large family of brothers and sisters—and being neither the eldest nor, the youngest—neither the pride nor pet—she occupied merely, the responsible station, of "one of the children." Possessed of strong affections and a [illegible]

Russian High Life.

MARRIAGE OF THE CZAR ALEXIS, Father of Peter the Great.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

The Humorist.

MESMERISM.

Choice Selections.

ANECDOTE OF THE WOMEN OF BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE SHIPWRECKED ON LAND.

BY S. B. PATTERSON.

PAYING UP AND PAYING DOWN.

The Olio.

WE WEEP IN VAIN

BY C. C. EASTMAN.

THE LAST WISH.

Choice Excerpts.

EXCERPTU.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE!

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE.

THE OLDEST AND BEST ESTABLISHED FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The proprietorship of the United States Saturday Post, the oldest and best established Family Newspaper in the Union, having recently been in some degree changed, it is proposed greatly to improve and beautify the sheet, and to show a degree of enterprise in its management that must more than maintain the high character it has enjoyed for the past twenty-two years as

THE FAMILY JOURNAL OF THE UNION!

The great circulation of this Journal in every part of the United States—its established character in the public esteem, render any great promises unnecessary. The means possessed by its proprietors are ample, and will be used to maintain its previous reputation. The united circulation of the periodicals issued by the proprietors, is greater by three fold, than that of any other establishment in America; and by a careful equalization of profits, they are enabled to publish cheaper and better works, and to realize a handsome return from small prices.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The editorial department will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman well known for his originality and humor, assisted by several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in contemporary journals. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being to make a FIRST RATE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, in every particular, calculated to meet the wishes of the people from one end of the Union to the other. The following are the points to which they invite attention, as embracing the character of the sheet.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

The original articles and selections of the outside of the sheet, are of the highest grade of light Literature; each number containing three or four chaste original and selected TALES; which, while they shall interest the young, shall at the same time point a moral. It contains much good, and never any bad POETRY; and a copious compend of well-told Anecdote, Rich Humor, Pointed Wit, Just Satire, and Sentiment. It contains also the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, [illegible]

MARION'S MEN.